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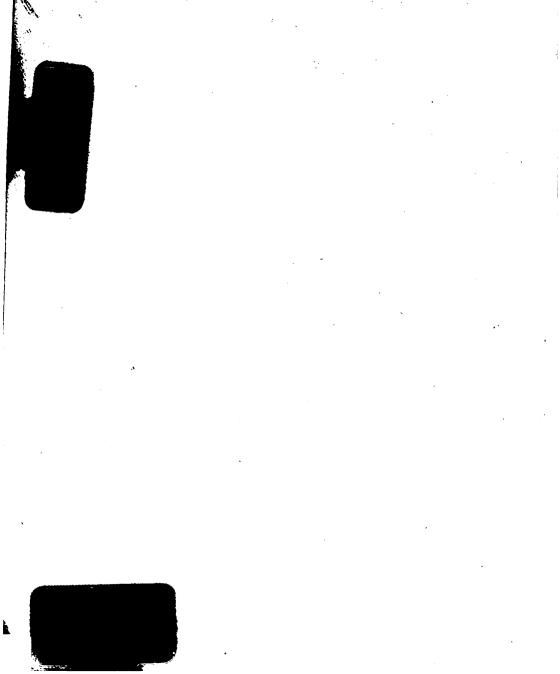
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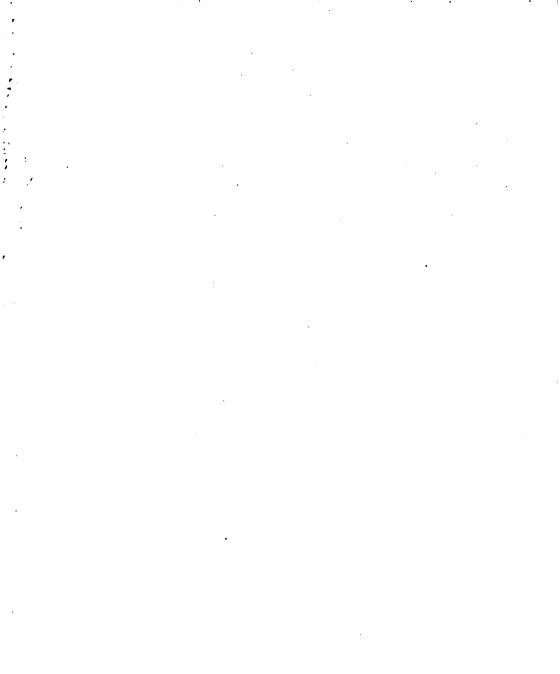
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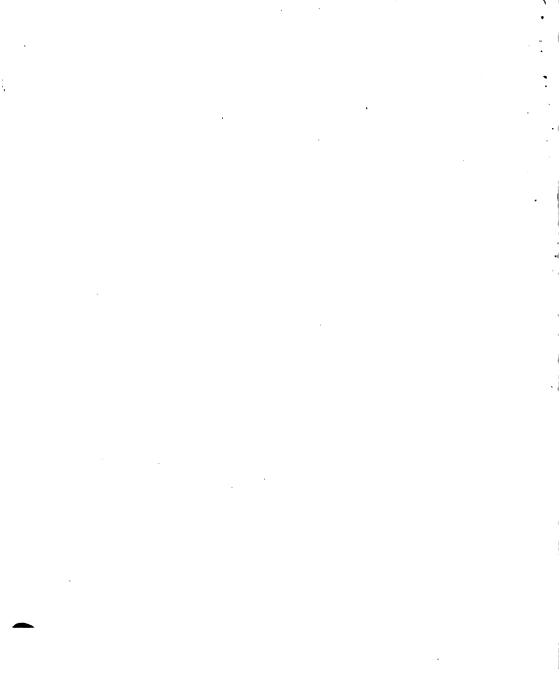
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WRITTEN ON THE JOURNEY FROM SENSE TO SOUL.

BY

AUGUSTA E. STETSON.



NEW YORK:

HOLDEN & MOTLEY, PUBLISHERS.

1901

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THESE POEMS I DEDICATE

TO

The Reverend Mary Baker Eddy

AS A STUDENT TO THE TEACHER

AS A FOLLOWER TO THE LEADER

AS A CHILD TO THE MOTHER

•

LOVE LEAD US ON,

TILL THE NIGHT BE GONE,

TILL WE WAKE IN THE MORNING LIGHT;

TILL LOVE'S VOICE OF CHEER,

HUSHES EVERY FEAR,

AND HER FACE IS REVEALED TO SIGHT.

•

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THE FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST, BOSTON, MASS.

THE MOTHER CHURCH OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.



SING THE SONG OF GLADNESS.

When athirst and weary,
Faint and heavy laden,
Following through the wilderness of sin and sense our Guide,
Then we heard the summons,
Falter not, but come ye;
Drink the ever living waters, which in me abide!

Bread of Life to strengthen;
Waters to refresh us,
Flowing ever freely, from the ever living Fount.
Mother love to counsel;
Mother voice to cheer us;
Mother smile to beckon from the valley to the Mount.

Could we fail or falter,
While the loving Saviour
Every want supplied, and every tear drop wiped away,
Every murmur silenced,
Every shadow lessened
With the power of Love divine, revealing God's bright day?



SING THE SONG OF GLADNESS.

As we catch bright glimpses
Of the Eternal Real,
As we lose the echo of sorrow, sin, and care—
Brighter gleams God's glory.
Chant again the story!
Christ is come to human ken, His temple to prepare.

Sing for joy ye ransomed!

Prayer in stone appearing

Bids us trim our lamps, and wait the bridegroom's midnight call.

Sing, for Christ is with us!

Israel's Shepherd leads us!

Love is come to reign forever, crown Her Lord of all!





Communion.

In the embrace of dawn, which,
As it blended with approaching day.
Revealed cathedral dome, and lofty spire
Of many a church, where people congregate
To worship God; till at length,
Its radiance rested on a Temple, made

tist, Boston, Mass., June 7th, 1895.

Communion Service at the

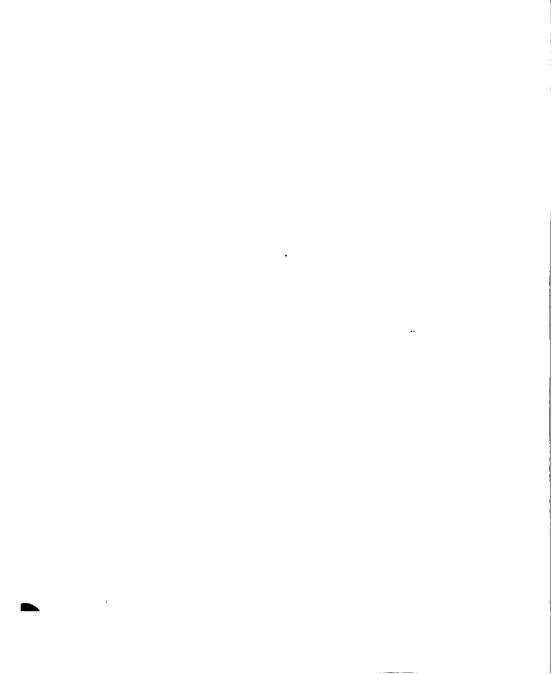
Mother Church, The First Church

of Christ, Scien-

Which towered in silent speech, and Voiceless prayer, piercing the sky; as if To point *beyond* the finite view, And lead the worn and weary unto Christ.

Of stone, symmetrical and white,

The joyous birds joined in the silent anthem, "God is Good;"
And whispering leaves were hushed,
As if in prayer;

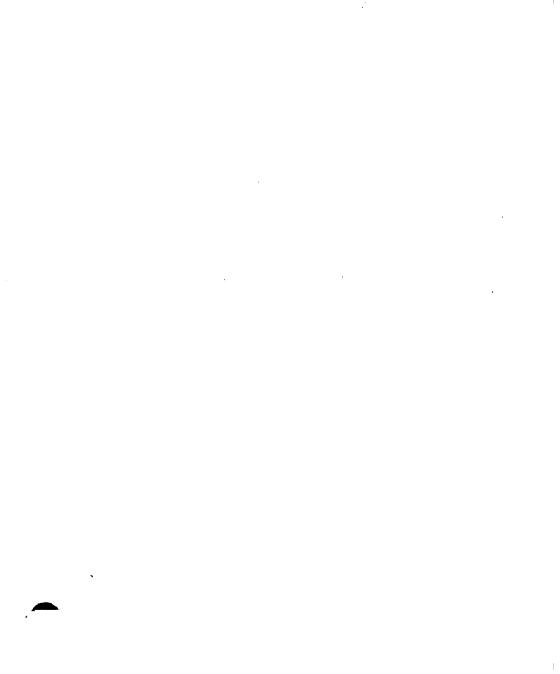


And as the dewdrop
Glistened on the lily's breast,
And flashed its varied hues, it voiced the message
"God is Good."

The crystal waters,
Touched by hand unseen, sparkled
From lake and fount, and,
Pure and smiling, turned their faces fair,
For Love's impress, and murmured,
"God is Love."

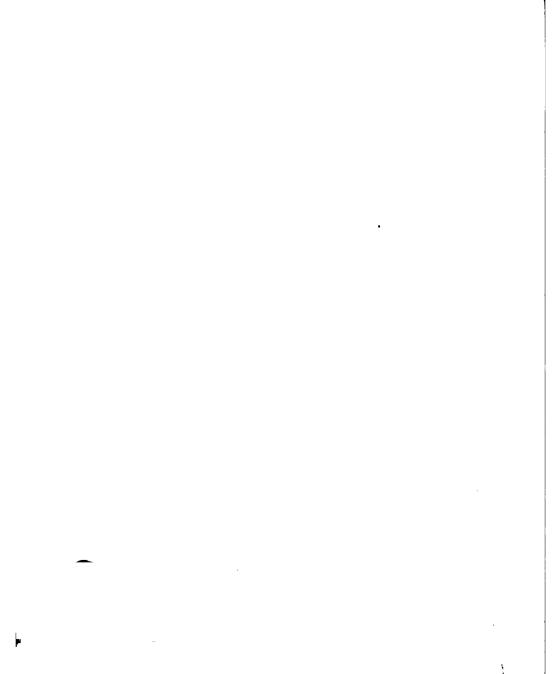
Eternity's great organ seemed to wake
The world to prayer and praise.
Anon, upon the breath of morn, were borne
Sweet silvery chimes, floating on
Pulseless air, like voice from
Mother heart, calling to children dear,
And tremulous with love and blessings.
Prayed the Shepherd Christ, to show
Her how to go across the hillside's
Steep and rugged way,

And safely lead His sheep.



Well the disciples knew the Voice, calling to feast of Love, and thronged the temple door, Eager for Word of God, and Christ,—the bread.

The thirsty pressed for drink From "Little Book" the Key to Heavenly wealth, -God's Holy Word, Revealing Truth and Love,—hid since The world began, but now ope'd wide Through Science and Health. As deep within the heart was heard The promise, "Whoso eateth of this Bread, shall hunger not," nor shall They thirst again who drink My blood, a peace descended, and the Singers rose and gave to listening worshippers The chant,—"The righteous shall go in." A holy hush bade human sense "Be still," and Christ was felt, Sweeping with touch divine across the Harp of thousand strings, attuning

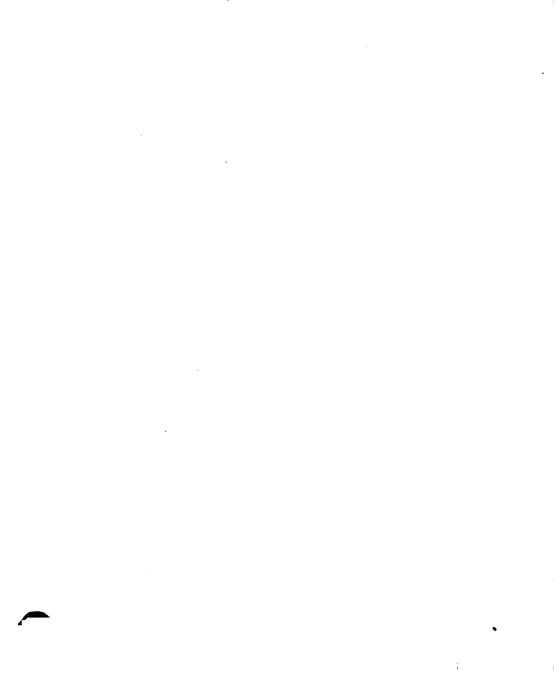


To Life and Love.

Then rose the Readers, calm and strong In Christ, and prayerful, trusting God to feed his people in green Pastures, and to lead beside still Waters, through the "Comforter" and Word.

To hearts attuned to Love, this
Holy hour seemed like the gate of
Heaven, which, ajar, disclosed
The smile of Christ, calling in
Tender accents, "Come to Me."

Bowed in humble prayer, prostrate
Before the Christ, and listening
For His voice, a heavenly benediction
Fell upon the heart, and tearful
Gratitude went up to God for
Her who gave to all the Guide
To Life divine,—who clasps again
The sinner's hand—who turns
The straying footsteps to the
Light, and leads once more the



Way to God, as did the Christ of yore.

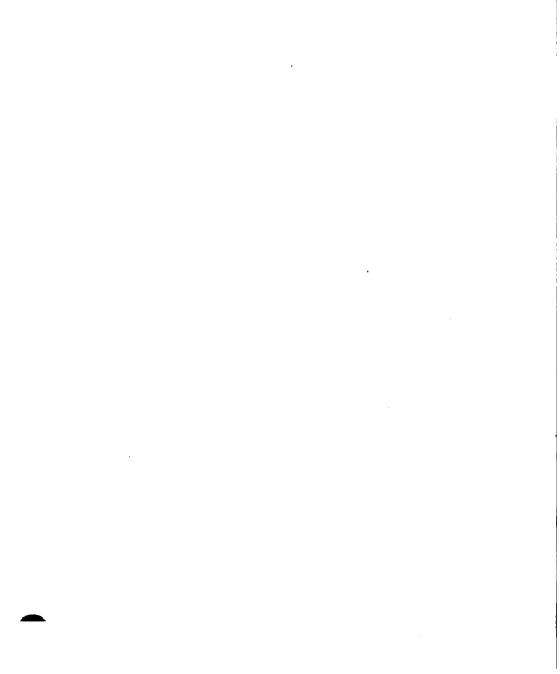
Communing thus, a sacred
Presence filled the place, and
Heavenly messengers brought
Peace and hope, to struggling pilgrims,
Kneeling there for bread,
And waters pure, from Spirit fount.

Love rose to temple dome,
And filled each humble heart
With incense from God's altar.
And the song was heard again,
"Peace on earth, good will to men,"
Sung by unseen choirs there,
As they knelt in silent prayer.
'Twas as if the chord of love,
Swept by Master hand above,
Thrilled the meek and lowly heart,
Bidding care and fear depart.
Then was caught the low refrain
"I am with you once again,"
I have given the bread and wine,



I am Christ, and ve are mine. Hush! within this holy place. Love the "image" will efface; Turn ye all from gold and dross, Gaze upon the radiant cross! Holy Spirit, break the bread, Till each hungry heart be fed! Drink the wine, so freely poured By the "Comforter," adored! Then with power of love reveal, How the Christ the sick doth heal! Hear the Saviour bid you go Out into a world of woe, Loving all, as I love you, Each the *healing* work will do: And, forgetting harsh offense, Yield to Love in penitence. Then will love for God and man Light the earth with rainbow span.

The faithful rose to follow Christ's Command, to heal the sick and sinful, and To overcome the sense of self and sin.



The Dove and the Stars.

ı

Into amber hues one day,

And the gathering twilight deepened

Till it merged in somber gray;

While I lingered in the gloaming,

From my heart went up a prayer, And I lost the sense of shadows.

As I bowed in silence there.

2

Soon I felt a tender presence,

Touching me with influence mild,

And a white-winged dove descended,

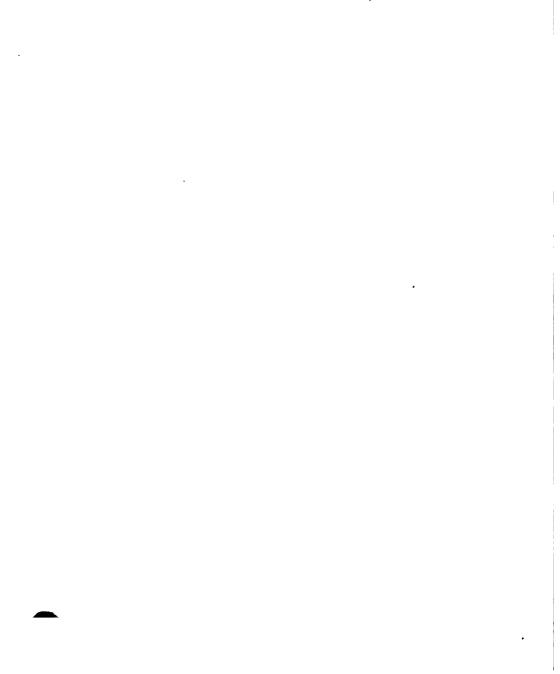
Cooing softly, "Peace, my child."

While I wondered what the meaning

Of this dove, with wings unfurled,

Once again I heard its message,

"Rise above this sin-bound world!"



THE DOVE AND THE STARS.

3

"Rise and soar on Hope's bright pinions!

Tarry not in shadows dim!

Preen your wings of aspiration!

Chant Love's holy vesper hymn!

See! Upon the blue empyrean

Shines the star of faith's clear light,

Beckoning with its twinkling radiance

To a world more fair and bright.

4

"Look again! Behold Hope's star-beam
Brightly flashing in the blue,
While the star of Love appearing,
Speaks of heavenly joys to you.
Constellations gild the heavens,
Brilliantly they flash afar,
Breathing words of holy promise
In the language of the star."

• • .

THE DOVE AND THE STARS.

5

Thus the dove soared just beyond me,
Beating with its wings the air,
Leading me to heights celestial,
And I followed gladly there;
Till I learned the lesson taught me
By the dove and stars that night,
And the darkness of the gloaming
Fled, before their diamond light.

6

Thus we wander in the twilight
Of this mortal life, and fear,
Till the dove of Peace descending,
Guides us to the glad Soul sphere.
There the light dispels the shadows:
Glorious beams of Truth appear,
And the raptured vision shows us
God, and man, and heaven are here.

The Everlasting Arms.

N the bosom of Love we are resting,
Love's arms doth our being enfold,
And the heart of Omnipotence pulsates
To measures of Love untold.
Thus we dwell in divine Everpresence:
Our Father and Mother God.
We walk with the saints in glory,
And tread where our Master trod.

As we *rest* in the Mother love, holy,
As we *list* to the Mother voice, sweet,
We hear the chant of the angels
Who traverse the unseen street.
And, listening, we lose the echo
Of sorrow, and sin, and sense,
Till the clouds become thin and thinner,
That conceal the vast immense.

THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

And oft as we patiently linger,

And pray for spiritual sight,

A rift in the cloud discloses

A world of wondrous light.

They are faint, faint glimpses only,

And, though mists quickly hide the gold,

That rift reveals marvellous beauty,

Of Life, Love and Truth, untold.

The eyes that behold this vision,

Though they see through the matter veil,
Are steadily fixed on the real,

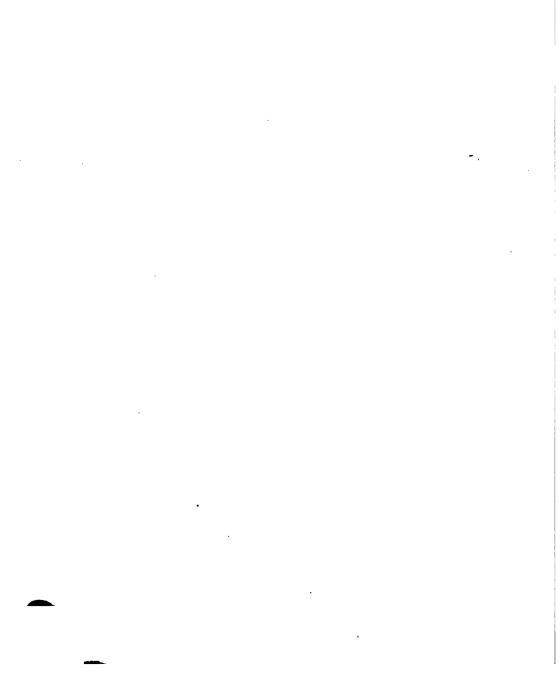
Till spiritual sight shall prevail.

And bursting the clouds, disclose heaven,

The haven of rest long sought,

The refuge for earth's weary wanderers.

Whom Love to their home has brought.



THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

Thus Love leads us out from the shadows.

And Love breaks the bondage of fear.

And Love is the kingdom of heaven,

And heaven is always here.

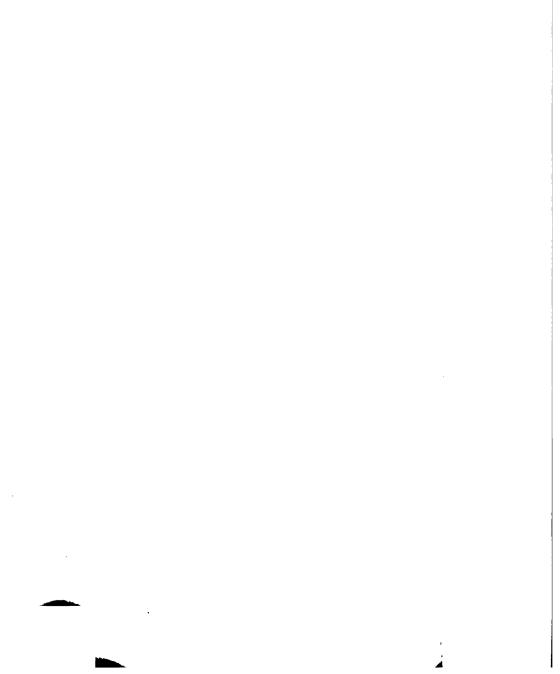
Hence we live in divine Everpresence,

We move to the rhythm of Mind,

And losing the false and the finite,

On earth we our heaven find.





Praise to God.

RAISE to God that we are restless,

Till we find our rest in Him;

Praise to God, our cup is empty,

Till He fills it to the brim.

Praise to God, our eyes are sightless,

Till He lights our pathway dim;

And our eyes behold the Saviour,

And our glad lips welcome Him.

Precious Saviour, Thou who gavest

Us the Comforter and Guide,

Thou whose book unlocked Truth's treasures,

In whose light we now abide,—

Draw us nearer. lift us higher,

To the stature of God's man.

Let Thy holy love, reflected,

Light us with its rainbow span.

PRAISE TO GOD.

Restless waves upon Time's ocean

Christ once calmed, with "Peace be still!"

When sense struggled, strong His pleading,—

Not mine, Father, but Thy will.

Earth-bound mortals felt the presence

Of the Christ—of Love and Life;

Felt the peace, the rest, the gladness,

Lost the sense of sin and strife.

Once again, as He has promised,

Comes the Christ to call His own;
Once again His sweet voice pleadeth,

"Follow me," in loving tone.

Hear ye Him, again repeating,

"Come to me," Oh! come and see
Bread of heaven, living waters,

Ready, ever waiting thee.

. i

PRAISE TO GOD.

Hear him to the troubled senses

Speak again the, "Peace be still!"

See the multitudes assemble.

That his love their hearts may fill.

See the sinner and the sufferer,

Pressing to the Saviour's feet;

See the Word dispelling sorrow:

See, and seek Christ's blest retreat.

Sing the song of joy and gladness!

Ring it out o'er hill and vale!

Shout aloud the glad hosanna:

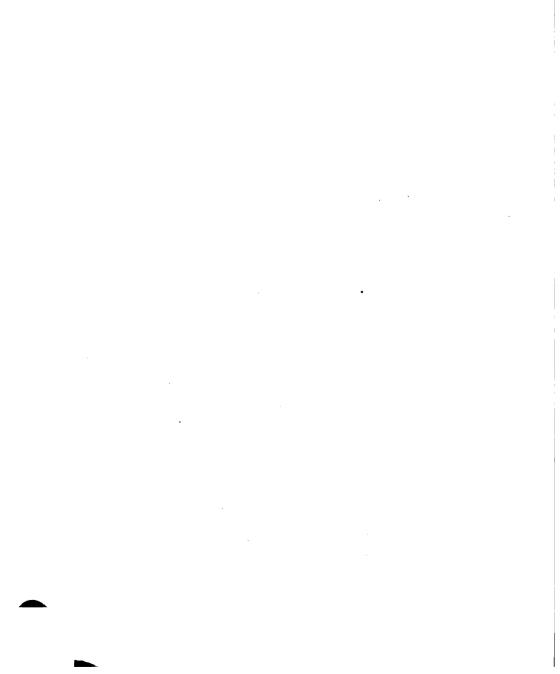
Truth forever shall prevail!

Christ is come, let error vanish,

Sin and sorrow, pain and fears;

Earth will soon be filled with glory,

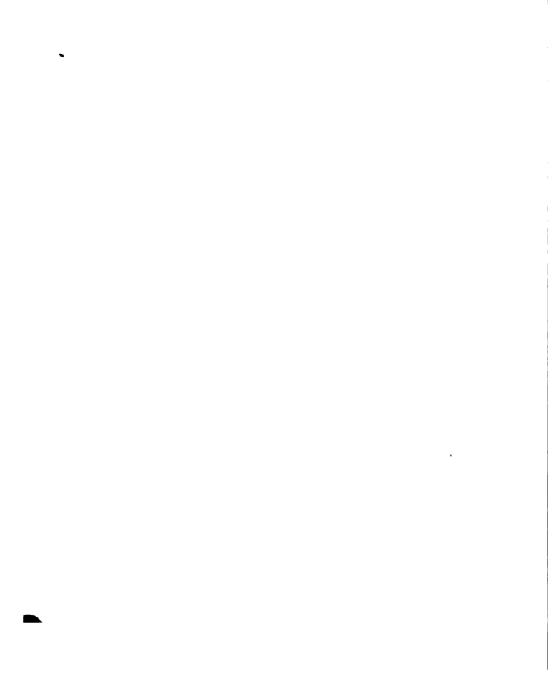
Christ, our Lord, again appears.



Children, Have De any Meat?

-Jesus.

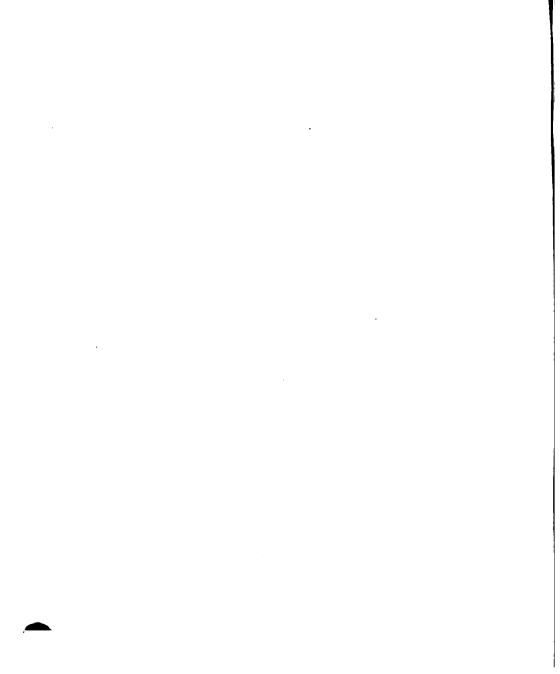
HE voice of the Master was heard by the men, As he spoke from the shore, on the morning, when He found them weary, yet toiling on With their nets, by the morning dawn. "Cast your nets on the other side!" How the sweet voice echoed over the tide! How their faith and love arose once more, As they filled their nets, and pulled for shore! As they saw the fire of coals, they said: "His love has prepared the fish and bread." Oh! the blessed Master taught them there, To leave their nets and forsake their care, And prove the power of the Word. The gentle voice of love divine Called to his children, "Come and dine!" The feast he prepared was at their feet, But they made no move to come and eat.



CHILDREN, HAVE YE ANY MEAT?

They knew it was lesus whom they saw, But their hearts were filled with love and awe. Then his mighty love appeared again; He took the bread and gave to them, And also the fishes he passed to eat, As they knelt there at the Master's feet. To-day he speaks to his followers few: "Are you feeding my lambs as I fed you? "Are you showing your love by breaking the bread, "By healing the sick and raising the dead? "Say! lovest thou me! then feed my sheep, "And God who works with you, His promise will keep." The blinded eyes will awaken to see, 'Twas error that bound them; 'Tis Truth that sets free. The *prodigal* feeding on husks, will arise, As over the sea the Master cries. "Have ye aught to eat, my children dear?" Why toil all night in doubt and fear?

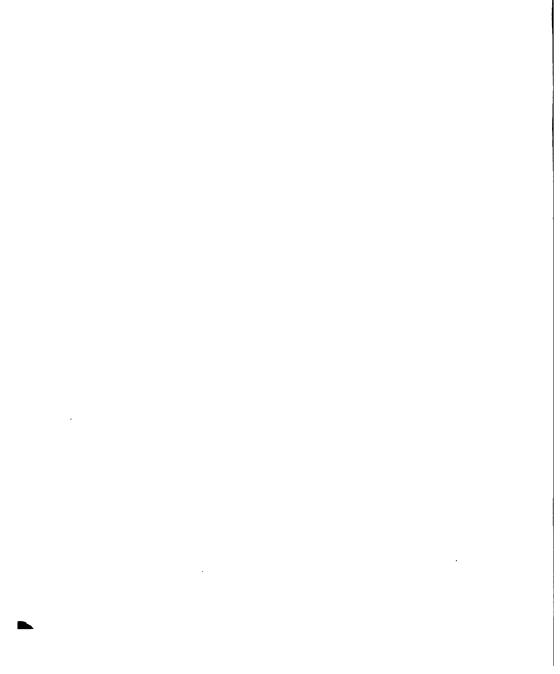
lust cast your net on the other side,



CHILDREN, HAVE YE ANY MEAT?

And in His promise sure abide;
Then draw it in, and you shall find
The riches deep of Truth, of Mind."
Oh! his wondrous power is a mine of wealth,
He gives us love, and joy and health.
He fed the lambs on the mountain steep;
Go thou and feed his wandering sheep.
He went on the mountain and called them in,
From the hill of vice, and the valley of sin.
Go thou far out on the mountain steep,
And shepherd, and feed his beloved sheep.





Hee as a Wird.

"For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

Isaiah 55:9.

PLEE, as a bird, from the snare of the fowler!

Flee to your Mountain, ye faithful ones flee;

Preening your wings, soar beyond earth's illusions,

Wing your flight far above sin's surging sea!

Losing the sound of time's turbulent billows,

Lashed into discord by sorrow and fear;

Flee from the snare of the merciless fowler,

Rise till the heights of your Mountain appear!

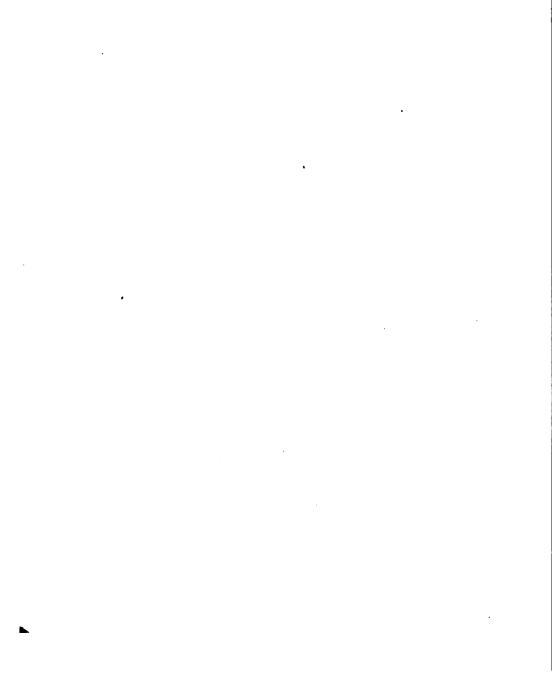
Fold not your wings, till you see the sure haven,
Rest not on hill top, contented to stay;
Faint, yet pursuing, press onward and upward,
Love goes before you, illuming the way.

Soon you will lose in Love's rarified ether,

Memory of fowler, and arrow and snare;

Thoughts which are mortal will fade as the dew-drop,

Under the sunlight of God's loving care.

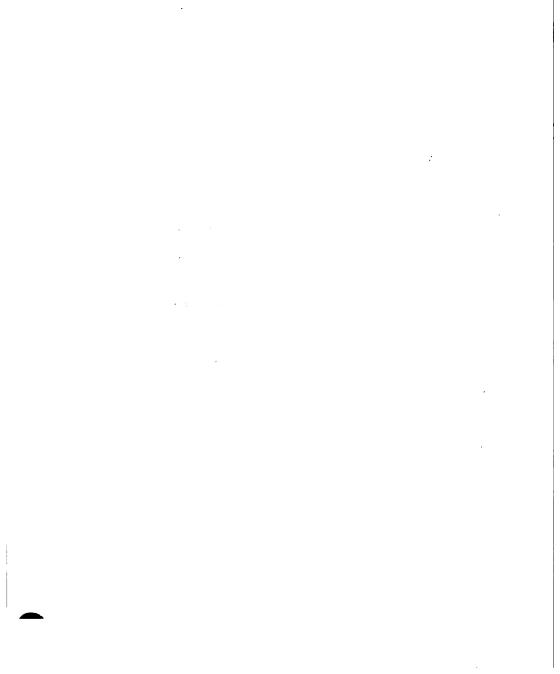


FLEE AS A BIRD.

Soon will the power of divine Everpresence
Wing every thought to your consciousness born;
Error will vanish like mist on the mountain,
Gone like a dream when you wake in the morn.

Then in the light of Mind's radiant effulgence,
Gilding the mountain, our wings we may fold,
While Love's potent pinions impel us forever,
As infinite glories we raptured behold.





Love's Rod and Love's Staff.

HOU wouldst not be God, if my prayer were not heard, For thou know'st how my human with anguish is stirred,

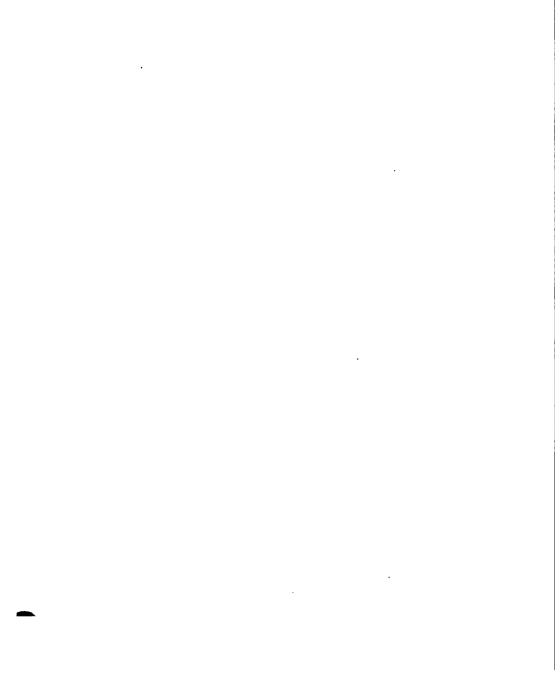
How my heart crieth out for Thy love and Thy grace, As, through tears, I look up to behold Thy dear face.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Thy smile dawns upon me, like soft summer rain Upon the parched flow'ret, reviving again; Or, like evening vespers when twilight appears, To whisper Love's presence and dissipate fears.

Down the vista of years I gaze, till I pray
For Thy power to sustain me with grace for to-day.
Then earth's hopes and earth's idols, earth's cross and earth's care,

Flee like phantoms before the sweet pressure of prayer.



LOVE'S ROD AND LOVE'S STAFF.

Oh! travail and anguish that rend our flesh veil!

O dear Christ, whose power doth ever prevail!

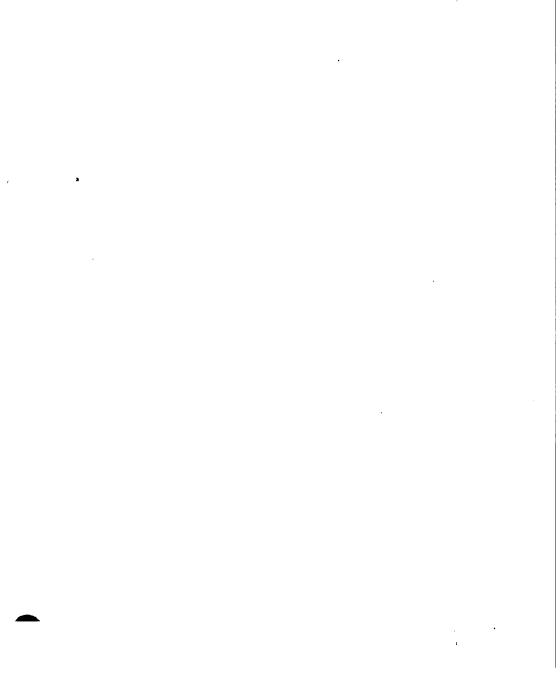
Oh! eye of the Mother-love, ear of Most High,

That hears the lone mountain lamb's piteous cry.

The furnace has melted the dross, and the gold Awaits the white heat of the Fashioner's mould; Oh! may the gold soon lose its seeming, and fade, 'Till His glorified Substance my being pervade.

Now, Spirit, or Truth, I perceive Thine idea,
The perfect reflection of Love doth appear,
The image long looked for, and long vainly sought,
Appears Love's true likeness, by God's wisdom wrought.

And now I respond to Omnipotent Love, The deluge is over, returned is the dove. The face of the Father I ever behold, As His perfect ideas forever unfold.



Homeward.

Arise, and let us go again to our own people, and to the land of our nativity, from the oppressing sword.

Jer. 46:16.

RISE; let us stand in the strength of our God!

Let us slumber no more in the dream;

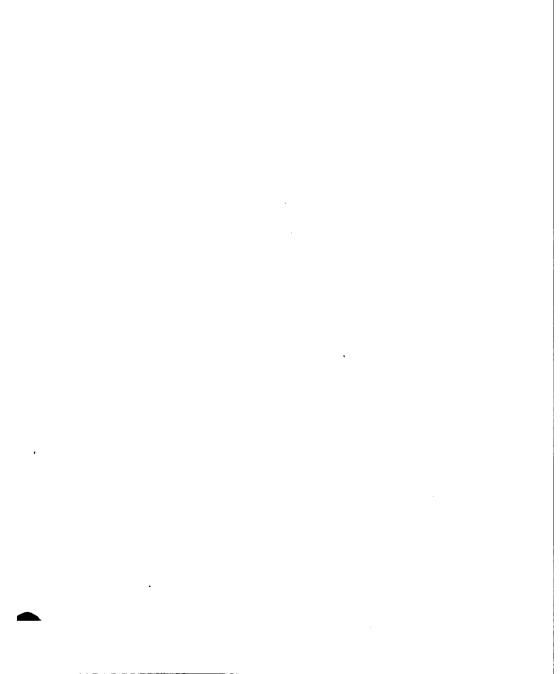
Let us go to our people, the home of our birth,

Our heavenly dominion redeem!

Let us dare to resist all attacks of the foe,
With our weapon of warfare—the Word!
Till the enemy falters and falls at our feet,
With its broken, defeated sword.

Oh! great is our God, He delivers His own,
He carries the lambs in His arms,
He tenderly shields them and guides and supports,
Oh! His mighty Love, error disarms.

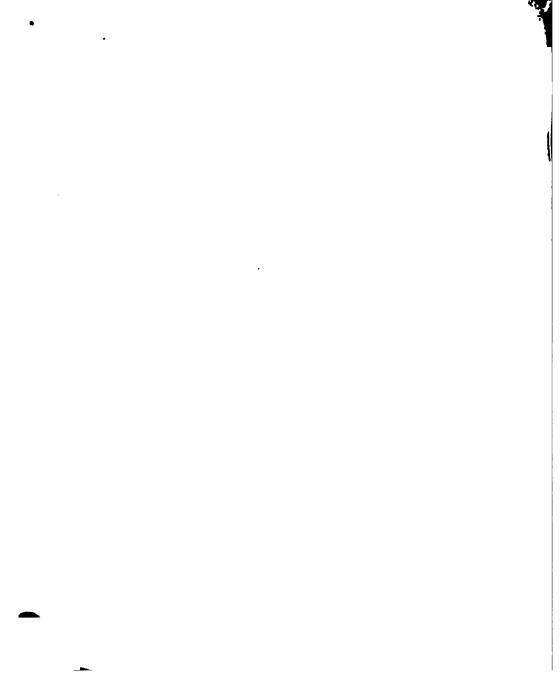
He turns back the tide, that else might submerge,
He speaks to the raging waves, "Peace;"
His voice you may hear, if you list to His call,
And your sorrow and sighing will cease.



HOMEWARD.

Arise, then, ye prostrate! no longer bow downTo idols of matter, or gold!Arise in the strength of your Christ, and returnTo your people, your Shepherd, and fold!







Love Watches over All.

GAZED upon a sin-bound world,

By fear and care oppressed,

Asleep in error's thrall.

I asked, what meaneth this?

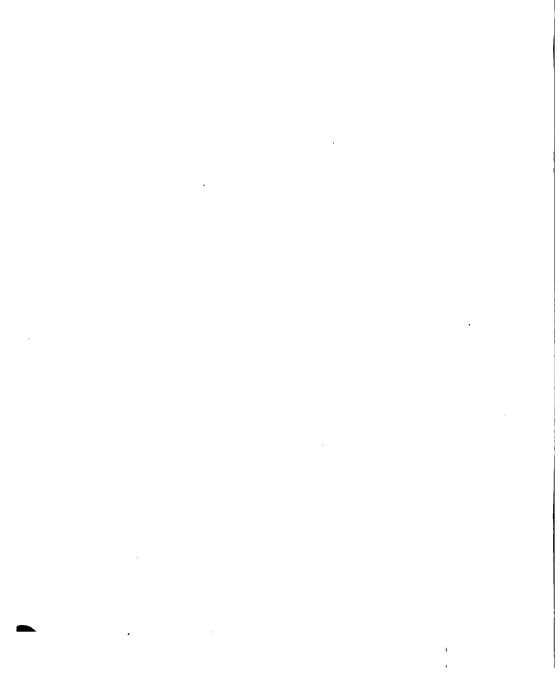
I heard, "God is Omnipotent:

This is a dream,—it is not real.

Love watches over all."

The soft voice spake so tenderly,
It seemed so near to me,
And like an angel's call,
I listened, till I heard again,
"God is Omnipotent,—this is a dream,
Love watches over all."

And then I heard the brooklet sing,
And birds in matin song
Chant, "Ne'er did sparrow fall
Without its Father's notice, for
Love watches over all,
Love watches over all."



LOVE WATCHES OVER ALL.

I saw the lily droop her head,
Beneath the sultry heat
Of noonday Sol;
A raindrop fell with cooling kiss,
And whispered "Love hath sent you this,
Love watches over all."

I saw strong manhood yield to fears,
And age o'ercome with many years,
And heard them cry—"I fall."
And then I heard the voice again,
Like angels, in one grand Amen,—
"Love watches over all."

Thus bird and lily, youth and age,
Once blind in error's thrall;
Awake to Truth, and losing self,
See Christ, and sing the joyous song—
"Love watches over all!"



Friend, Go up Higher.

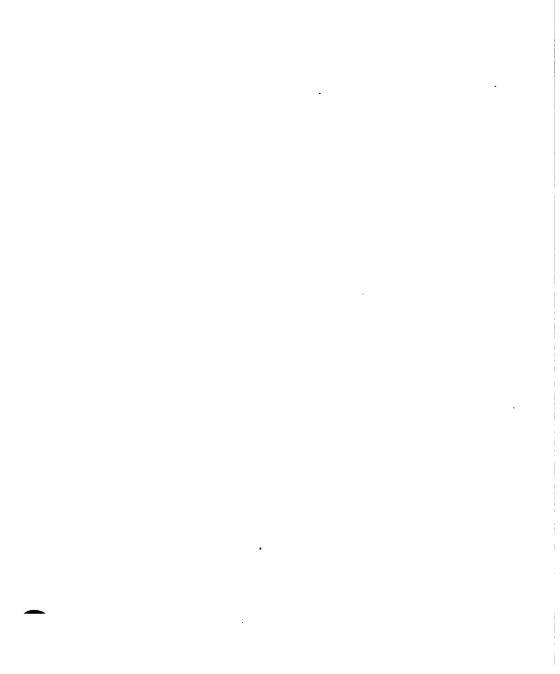
-- Jesus-Luke 14-10.

Hearest thou the loving message: Beloved enter in?
The call is now and ever, Come unto Me and rest,
From sorrow, sin, and sickness—oh, listen and be blest.

This valley is enveloped with shadows, wierd and dim; And they who tread its mazes, see never aught of Him, Who walked the vale of error, and climbed the mountain height, And showed the world the pathway from darkness unto light.

He knew Causation; Principle, acknowledged Christ, not creed; He proved the power of Truth or Mind, and "They who run may read;"

He trod upon the serpents, they straightway lost their sting; He touched the sense of blindness, the light came flooding in.



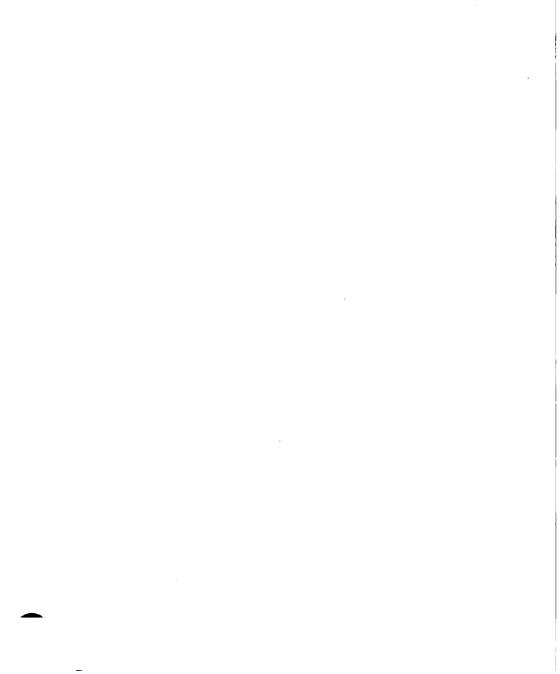
FRIEND, GO UP HIGHER.

He spake to sense of deafness, it vanished at the call; The helpless and the sorrowing, His tender love healed all; The Word of Life so potent, the Master understood; The power of Love so mighty, he knew was ever good.

He calleth, "Come ye weary, and cast your burden down;
Oh! turn from sense and matter, resplendent shines the crown.
The Truth is ever with you, it frees the fettered sense,
Why tarry in the valley, whose shadows are so dense?

"You cannot see the vision, which else might greet your view, You do not see your Saviour, so very near to you; You do not hear the voices of angels, ever near; You cannot hear them whisper "In 1 we there is no fear."

This valley is illusion, the "Adam dream" of sin, Belief of life in matter, which mortals linger in. To-day the Christ is calling, "Go higher, friend, go on Above the foul miasma of sin and sense and wrong."



FRIEND GO UP HIGHER.

Above the sense of evil, rise higher, day by day; Pursuing ever following, the voice of Good obey; Till high above the echo of sorrow, sin, and care, You see no valley shadows, no error clouds you there.

* * * * * * * * * *

Have you struggled in the valley, and felt its sting and pain?

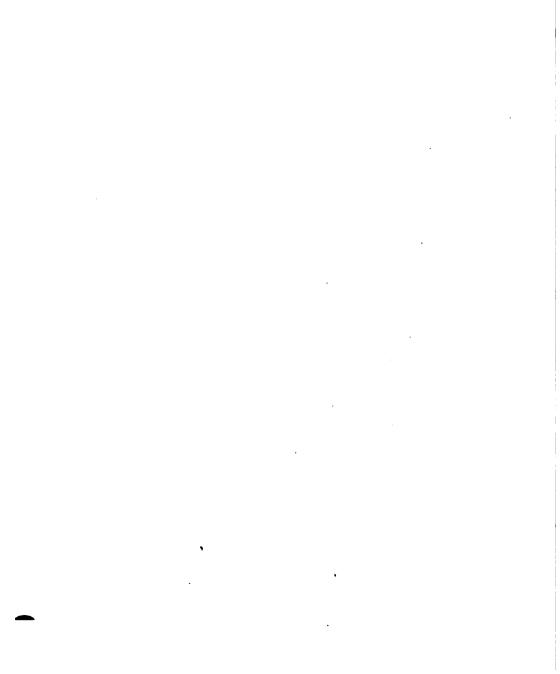
Have you longed to leave behind you its sorrowful refrain?

Have you heard the voice, "Go higher" and could not find the way?

Did clouds shut in, and hide the mount? Did error lead astray?

Oh! list, the sweet voice soundeth yet, Son, daughter, follow me! My loving arms encircle, though my face you may not see! Jesus is ever calling, "Fear not, dear one, you'll find Beyond the vale of matter, the mountain bright of Mind."





Sead Us to the Infinite.

And lift us up with Thy dear love, to Life!

O "Christ of God" hear, while we whisper it.

Thy Word destroys all sickness, sin, and strife.

We dimly see our Father's guiding thought,
And Mother-love with heavenly healing fraught.
We know Thy voice, it counsels, cheers, and chides,
And Mother-love for every want provides.

- O Parent arms, encircling each dear child;
- O Voice so tender, loving, sweet and mild;
- O palpitating presence of the law

Of Life and Love and Truth, which sense ne'er saw.

We hear Thy Word, its power sets us free,

Thy love shall lead us, till we wake with Thee.

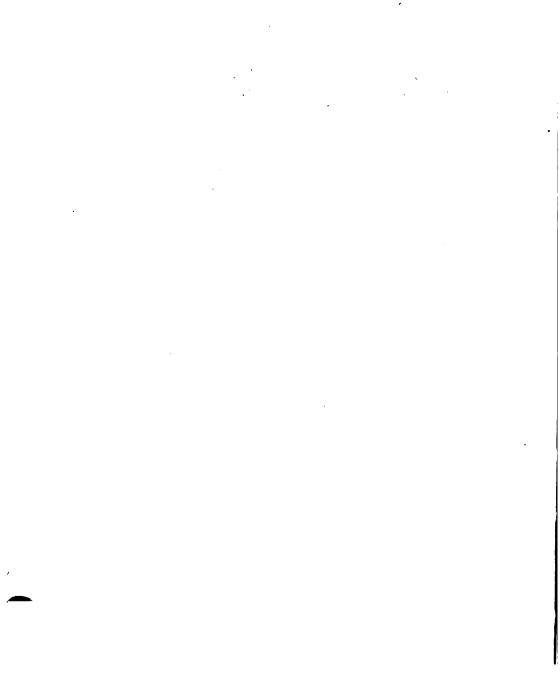
"Thou Art not Far from the Mingdom." -lesus.

(Watchman)

HOU art not far from the Kingdom, Not far from thy heavenly home; Why runnest thou hither and thither? Why longer continue to roam?

(Traveller) But where is this kingdom of heaven? Say, where is this blest abode? I have lingered so long in the shadows, I fear I have lost the road. Can vou, who have heard the Master, And followed the spirit of Love, Till it led vou out of the darkness, Lead me to the realms above?

(Watchman) We can show you the Chart, dear seeker, And point to His word so true; We can lovingly walk beside you, But the work is for each to do.



"THOU ART NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM."

- (Traveller) But how may I find the true path,
 For I must no longer stray;
 If I am so near to His kingdom,
 Why may I not see it to-day?
 If you have discerned the morning,
 That dawns for the faithful here,
 Do not let me stray in the gloaming,
 Till its light shall disappear.
- (Watchman) The Little Book is the Leader,
 Its Author opened the seals
 Of the words of God, and unfolded
 The mysteries Love reveals.
- (Traveller) And what is the name of the volume,

 Possessing such wondrous power,

 A comforter sure it must be,

 A strength in each darksome hour.

.

"THOU ART NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM."

Watchman) The Comforter we have proved it.

It calls to His children—"Come in!"

It opens the gates of heaven,

And shuts them on sickness and sin.

Right here is the heavenly Kingdom;

You may clasp the Father's hand;

Here is Mother, and Home, and Heaven.

And here is the angel band.

Oh. searcher for heavenly riches,

Would you know this mine of wealth?

Do you long for the Key to the Kingdom?

—You will find it in "Science and Health."



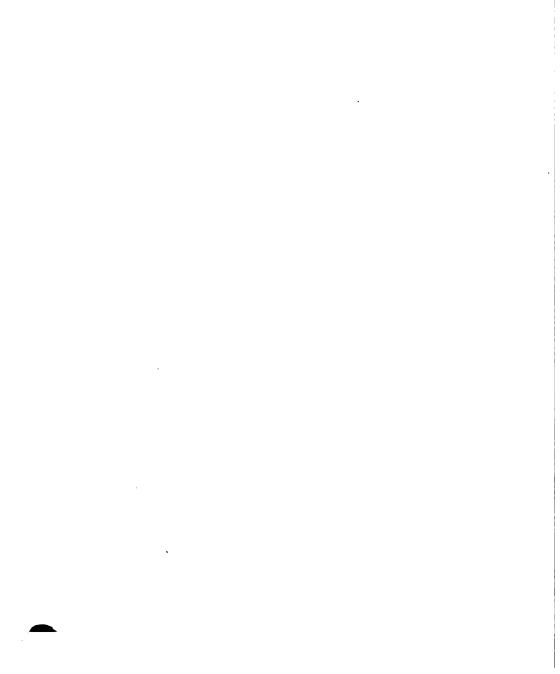
Message.

With gifts far more precious than gold;
Aye, even with good deeds resplendent,
Whose numbers will never be told.

How blessed to know that thy mission Is to minister daily to those, Who, in the swift march of existence, Sink down 'neath the weight of their woes. Full many a faint, weary flower Hath been with new vigor supplied, Which, but for thy sweet ministration, Might long since have faded and died. I never have sought thee, and found thee Too busy to lend me thine ear; Or, to beam with a sweet smile of welcome, Which could not but fill me with cheer. These flowers, so seemingly fragile, Are yet burden-bearers for me; Consenting to carry a message Of love, from thy student to thee.

Verses by a Student sent with roses on Christmas Day.

New York City, Christmas, 1899. D. F. A.



Reply to the Christmas Poem.

1

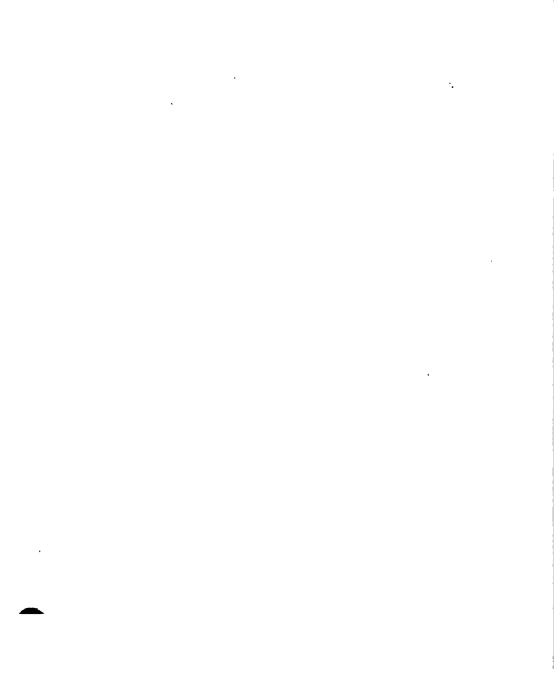
With treasures more precious than gold;
And the angels unite in my vespers,
As I ponder their value untold.

2

Its branches are weighted with pure thoughts,
Which I hung one by one on Life's tree;
Till the sunshine of love-light revealed
These jewels of Spirit to me.

3

It is blessed to know that our Saviour
Has called me to gather His own;
To watch, and to guide, and present them
Each a perfect, a tried living stone.



REPLY TO THE CHRISTMAS POEM

4

As I, faint and weary, have listened

For the Shepherd's voice, far on the height,
I have heard the lone mountain lamb bleating,
And have tarried to give them Love's light.

5

I have oft heard the voice of the Master,
Calling, "Lovest thou me—Feed my sheep,"
And I quickened my earnest endeavor
Up the mountain path, rugged and steep.

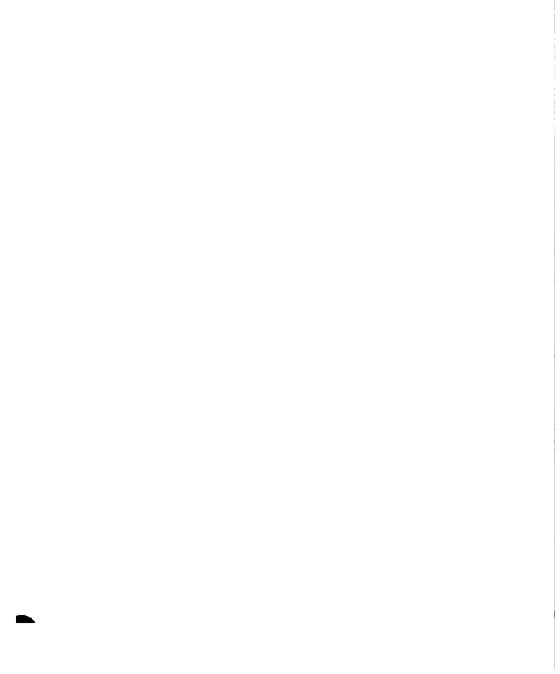
6

Not the wealth of the Indies, if offered,

Could purchase one jewel from me,

Which I found in the rough, and have polished,

Till its prism hues flash from my tree.



REPLY TO THE CHRISTMAS POEM

7

There's one minor chord in my anthem.

But which Love is attuning each day.

As I think of the gems that have fallen.

'Ere Love's minstrel had finished her lay.

8

Yes, my Christmas tree is heavy laden.

But its branches are mighty to hold

Every gem. which the dear Love has given.

Every wanderer once in my fold.

* * * * * * * * *

9

The flowers so pure and so fragrant.

Brought quickly your message to me.

And I forward my love, on the wings of a dove,

My dear faithful student to thee.

Dec. 27th, 1899.

•

Letter to Dear Mother from Mer Lambkins.

Little children though we be.
Little hearts that Mother-love
In your bosom broods above;

Little *feet* that *you* have led, In the paths of *love* to tread; Little ones whom you have taught, How the deeds of Christ were wrought.

Little eyes that beamed with bliss, When dear Mother sent us this— Sweetest poem ever read, 'Tis a table for us spread. Reply to the Beautiful Poem, written by Mary Baker G. Eddy to the Sunday School Children of First Church of Christ, Scientist, New York, N. Y.



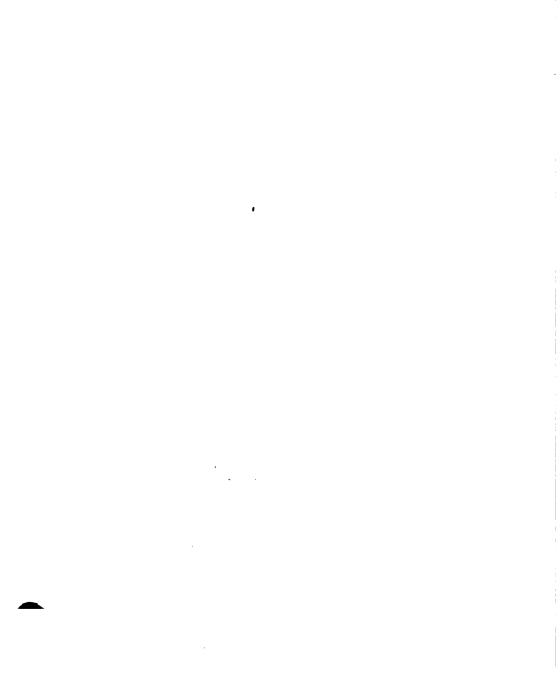
LETTER TO DEAR MOTHER FROM HER LAMBKINS.

Little *ears*, will learn to list For your loving voice, we wist. And will follow *all the Way* Mother's footsteps, day by day.

Know we well who gave us Mother; Taught us all to love each other; And the love we send to-day, God's dear love, is yours alway.

April, 1899.





Stand Firm.

"He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works then these shall he do; because I go to my Father."

JESUS.

ARE to stand forth in the strength of His promise!
Wield the sword fearlessly, whet with His love;
Dare to tread firmly on serpents and scorpions!
"They shall not sting you," resounds from above.

Christ bids you rise to your conscious dominion;
Life calls to action, obey Truth's behest;
Love's constant whisper is, "Man is immortal,"
Dear one, press on to the realms of the blest!

Sweeter than lullables, sung by the mother;

CLEARER than ocean's roar, heard in the shell;

Softer than zephyrs, the voice of the Father,—

"Child I am with thee, fear not, all is well."

. . .

STAND FIRM.

Then let us dare to stand firm as an anvil,

Holding the banner of Science, our King;

Ever rejoicing that Love is the victor,

As daily our sheaves to the Master we bring!

"Love one another." Oh! hark to His pleading.
"Follow, and bring in my lambs as they roam."
Love goes before you, dispelling the shadows;
List to the mountain horn calling you home.

* * * * * * * * * *

Then following our Leader, our love-crownéd Leader.

Who guides us so safely through matter's dark vale.

Let us watch for Love's hand, as we climb Mind's bright mountain,

Nor lay down the sword till its summit we scale!





To My Dear Students and Church Members.

EAR not, little flock, 'tis your Father's good pleasure,
To give you the kingdom," the robe and the ring.
Fear not the mad foe, who beholding your triumph,
Pursues to destroy with the merciless sting.

Take heart, the avenger can *not* overthrow you;

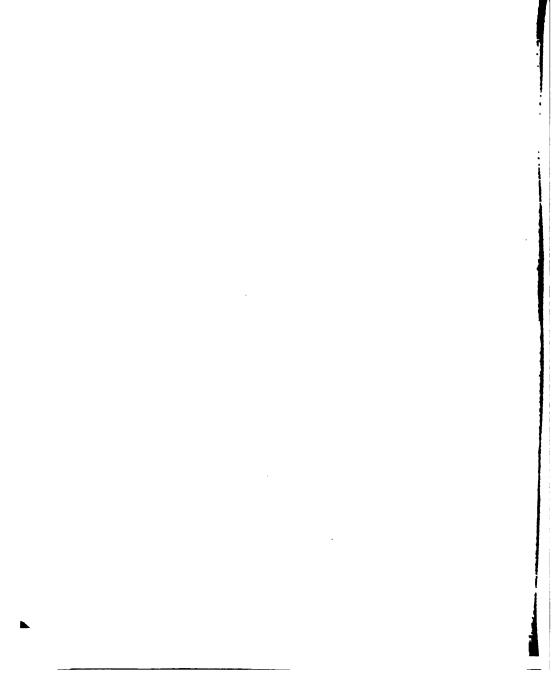
The Cause is the Lord's, and the victory is sure;

Press on in the race for immortal dominion,

Nor turn back to idols—resist and endure.

Then raise high the standard of Truth, as you follow
Your Shepherd, who leads to life's pastures immense;
He folds, and protects, from the wolf, and the fowler,
Who lure to o'erthrow in the valley of sense.

Awake to your birthright! And, guided by Wisdom,
Communing with Spirit, the quickening Dove,
You will soar, as a bird, beyond each sin-barbed arrow,
And rest, safe in joyous, omnipotent Love.



Dove of Peace.

I



dove of the white wings, Soaring so near;

O sign of the great Heart Which banishes fear;

O Love, which is Infinite.

Seal us thine own;

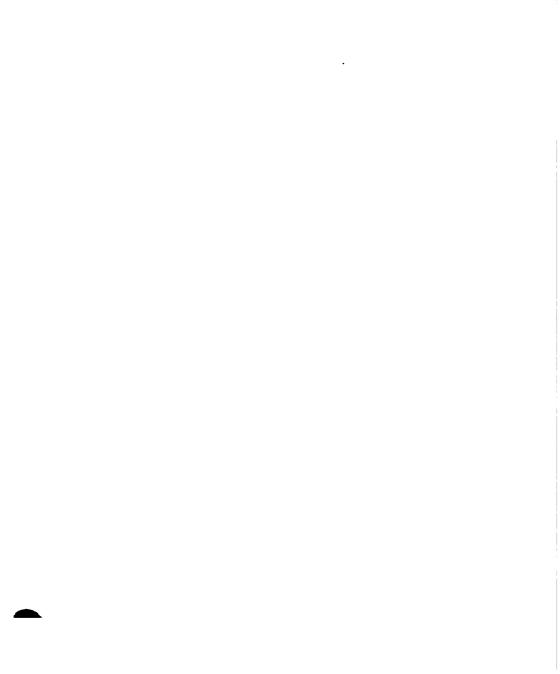
And lead us to worship

The Father alone!

Written after reading the poem entitled "Signs of the Heart," by Mary Baker G. Eddy.

2

O Heart of the Motherhood,
Brooding above,
Soft voicing Thy message
Through Love's chosen love;
Hear gratitude voiceless,
And prayers without speech,
Which soar, like the dove,
Heaven's portals to reach!

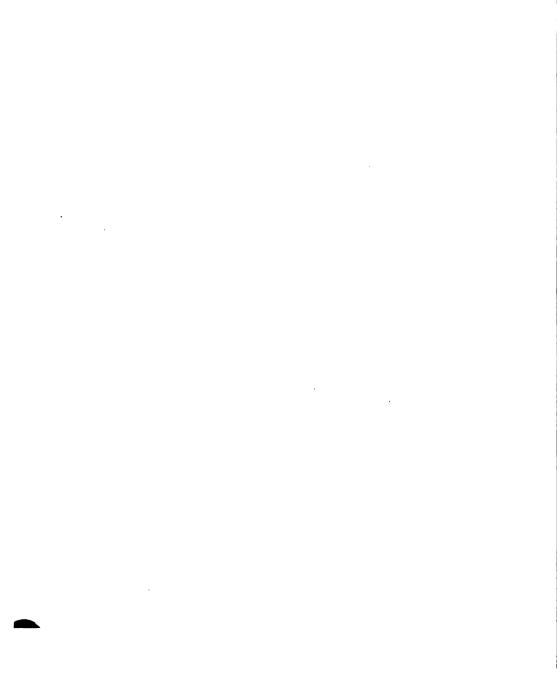


DOVE OF PEACE.

3

Oh! fill us with meekness,
To sit at her feet,
Who teaches the pathway
To Love's blest retreat;
Who leads Israel's Army
In paths Jesus trod,—
The highway of holiness,
Leading to God!





The Sunlight of Love's Presence.

N the secret of Love's presence.

'Neath the covert of Her wings,
While the tempest rages wildly,
And the dove no message brings;
'Mid the thundering of error.
And the lightning flash in sky,
I am waiting in the darkness;—
Watching till the clouds roll by.

Faintly gleams the light through shadows;
Rifts within the clouds appear;
While the lull of angry tempest
Falls upon the listening ear.
Soon the sunburst of Love's presence,
Radiant, joy inspiring, strong.
Fills the heart with bliss and beauty,
Wakes the Jubilaté song.

. •

THE SUNLIGHT OF LOVE'S PRESENCE.

Dreams and shadows flit and vanish,

Mortal concepts fade apace;

Earth is filled with light and glory;

Everywhere God's smile we trace.

Could we see through Spirit's concept,

Could we hear through Spirit's sense,

There would be no angry tempest;

There would be no shadows dense.

Through the wilderness we journey,
Meeting fears, a spectral band;
And like children, faint with terror,
Cry, "O Father, take my hand!"
Close the dear Love ever hovers,
Never absent—ever near,—
Hears our call, and folds, and soothes us,
Wipes away each falling tear.

THE SUNLIGHT OF LOVE'S PRESENCE.

Can we falter? Can we ever
Fear to meet earth's phantoms grim?
Since with tender care God watches
Over all who trust in Him?
Joys immortal are our birthright;
Life Eternal spans our sky;
Love is victor; Truth has triumphed;
Clouds and tempests have rolled by.





Mhen Love Doth Guide.

1

HEN Love doth guide,
And we abide
In Her, our Life,
The dove of peace,
Brings quick release,
From sin and strife.

2

Alone with God.
Our Master trod
Gethsemane;
Nor turned awhile,
To gain the smile
Of Pharisee.

3

Shall we forsooth,

Forsake our Truth,

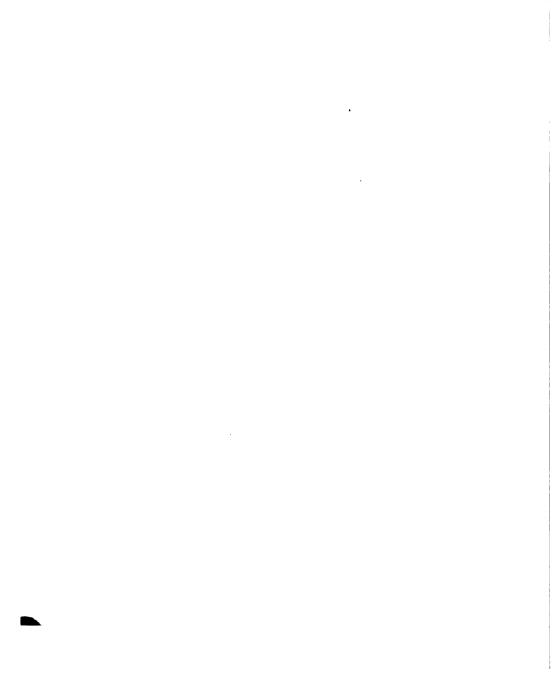
When foes appear?

God mighty is,

And we are His;

Love has no fear.

Reply to a poem entitled "Satisfied," written by Mary Baker G Eddy.



WHEN LOVE DOTH GUIDE.

4

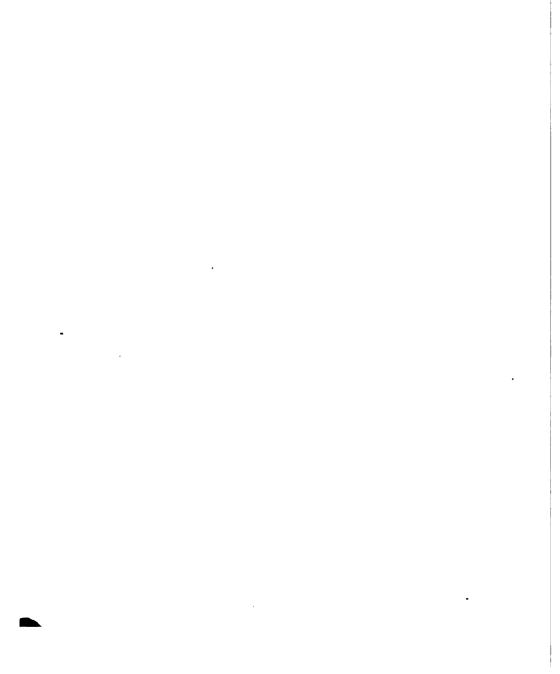
Love, like the light,
Puts_hate to flight,
And envy's darts;
She wings Her own,
Doth joy enthrone
In humble hearts.

5

The Nazarene
Of humble mien
Won victory's crown;
Love's labors blest,
He found sweet rest
Beyond hate's frown.

6

Love's welcome voice,
(Her holy choice)
Bids mortals rise
From sin's dark night
To see the light
Ot Paradise.



WHEN LOVE DOTH GUIDE

7

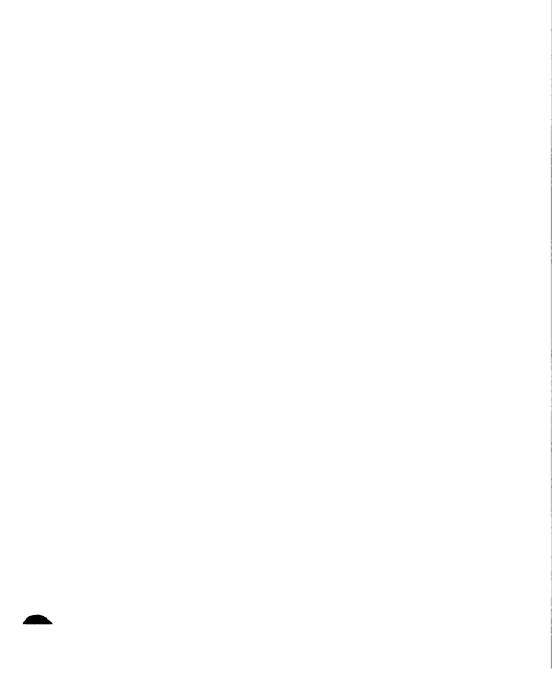
All praise to God,
For her who trod
The wine-press, lone;
Whose cup of woe
Did overflow,
Sin to atone.

8

Let anthems tell,
Let chimes of bell
Proclaim the Bride!
Love robed in light
Is radiant, white,
And "satisfied."

Jan. 25th, 1900.





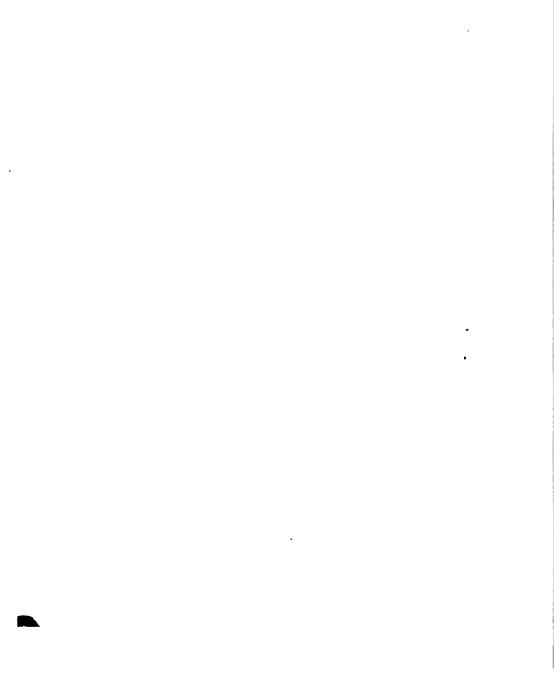
The Dawning Day.

Which hides from our vision *Thy* face, like a shroud! In *Thy* light we *see* light; in *Thy* love and grace, Heaven's portals swing open, we *see* face to face.

False concepts no longer form images grim, Which lure, and deceive, and conceal from us Him Whose Life is *our* life, and whose likeness we trace In Love's mirrored love, on humanity's face.

Love dissipates terror, and bids phantoms flee; She calls to earth's wanderers, "Love careth for thee." She sings Her sweet lullaby, "Mother is near, Now rest on my bosom, there's nothing to fear."

O heart of the Mother-love, God with us here, Our pæans of gratitude *rise*, full and clear. For Thy chosen Way Shower, holy and true, Who leads past the hill-crest, till heaven we view.



Moleewin.

OLEEWIN! Woleewin! O haven of rest.

Thy manifold beauties can not be expressed;

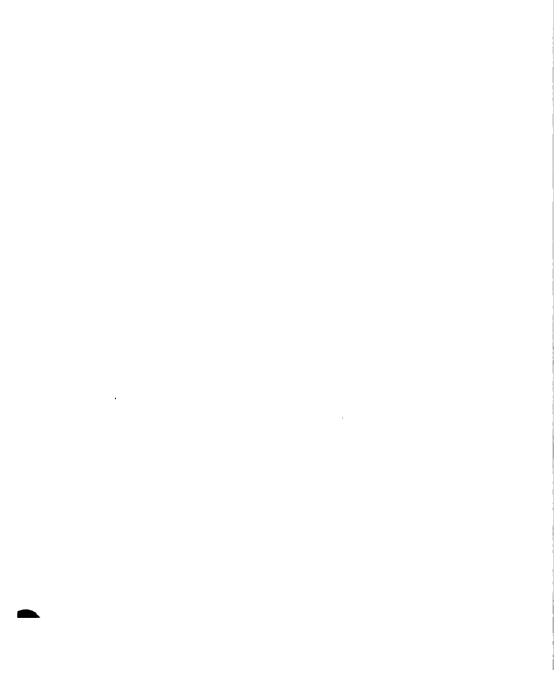
Thy sheltering protection from tumult and care.

Thy peaceful seclusion inviting to prayer.

Thy bulwarks, resisting the storm-crested wave,

Thy bulwarks, resisting the storm-crested wave, Thy towering beacon, alluring to save; Thine arms, ever open, thy smile, ever sweet. Woleewin, Woleewin, O peaceful retreat. Name of a cottage on a point of land extending into Passamaquoddy Bay.

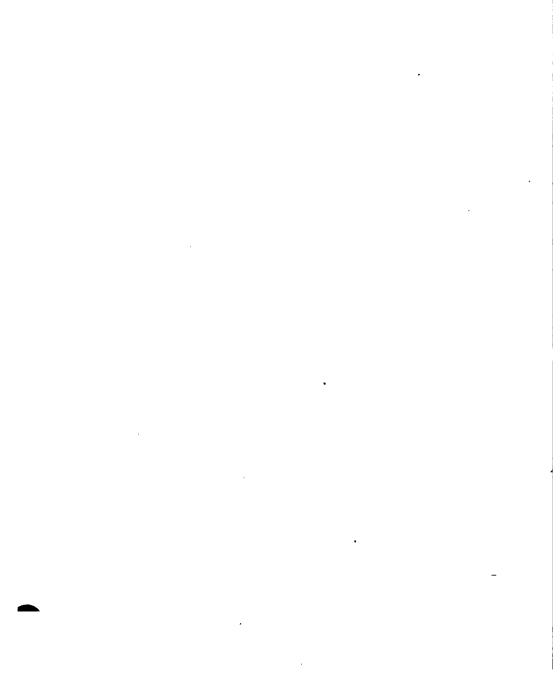
When weary contending with sense and with sin,
The heart sighs for respite, for heaven within,—
When the human cries out for the rest and the goal,
When the sea surges over the struggling soul,—
When the carnal opposes the Christ, till we pray
That earth's night may give place to God's radiant day.—
Then Woleewin! Woleewin! thy silence and peace
Invite to communion, and bid tumult cease.



WOLEEWIN.

As thine arms enfold all who enter thy door,
May they lose the last echo of error's mad roar;
May they look through thy windows, and gazing afar,
Catch a glimpse of the real in the type of a star,
Till the spiritual sense shall roll back the cloud,
The flesh veiléd vision which hangs like a shroud;
And Love shall reveal God's world to their view,
Dear Woleewin, sweet haven, adieu, adieu!





Could Ye not Watch.

"Could ye not watch with me one hour."

JESUS.

RAVE wrestler for the prize of Life Eternal,
Treading alone earth's rugged paths to light,
Art thou so weary of thy self denials,
So tired of thy crosses and thy trials?
List! to the voice of Christ across the sea!
Can'st thou not watch one hour more with me?

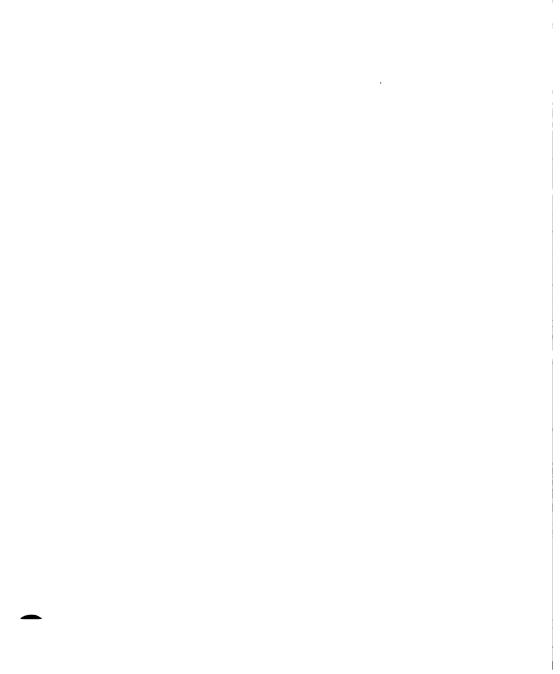
Cans't thou not suffer, calm in tribulation,

Knowing that Christ Himself before thee goes,

Leading thee to thy heavenly habitation,

Beyond this storm-tossed dream of pain and woes?

O soldier, sleep not on thy sword, but watch thee
One little hour until thy Christ appears;
And the "well done ye faithful, blessed are ye
Who steadfast, onward press,"—shall hush thy fears.



COULD YE NOT WATCH.

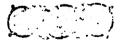
There is no royal road to heavenly treasure;

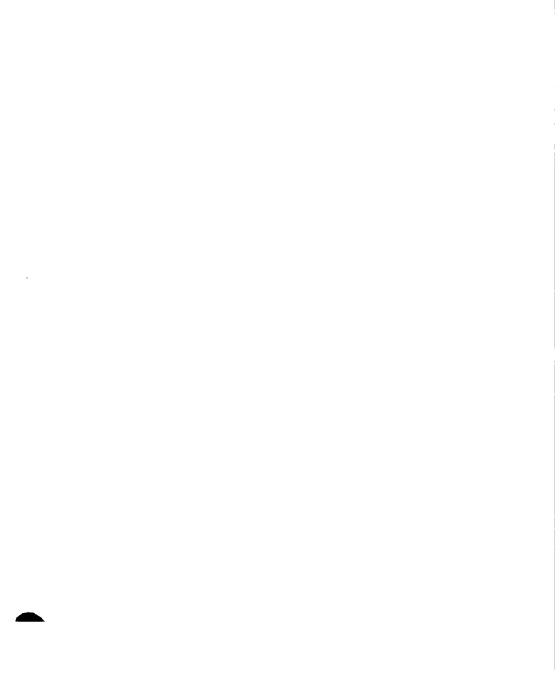
The pathway does not lead through human pride;

But meekness, faith, and love, must fill the measure

We humbly offer to the Crucified.

O patient watcher with thy heavenly Leader,
One little hour *longer* pray and wait!—
And thou shalt find, the meek and earnest pleader,
Faith crowned and humble, opens heaven's gate.





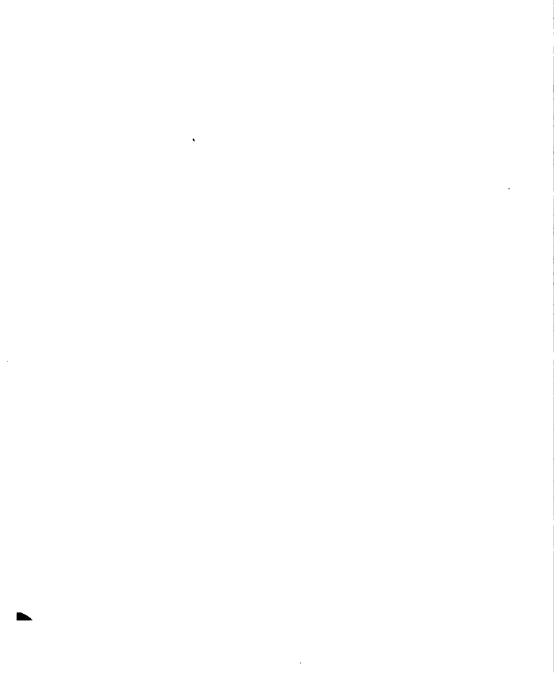
Spiritual Senses.

1

That beholdeth only good,
That sees God's vast creation
And man's real brotherhood;
That looks on things supernal,
Rejoicing in the light
Which revealeth perfect wisdom,
Omnipotence and might.

2

There's an ear beyond the finite,
Which hears only words of peace;
Which lists to sweetest harmonies
That never never cease;
Which hears the constant melody
Of soul reviving Life,
And nothing knows of finite sense,
Of sin and human strife.



SPIRITUAL SENSES.

3

There's a sense that tastes the real,
And sees that God is Good;
Whose delights are rare unfoldings
Of the blessed Fatherhood;
Whose silent speech, the thought of God.
Expressed in His idea,
Has sweetest taste of Life and Love,
And never taste of fear.

4

There's a Power, a mighty Presence,
Which sustains immortal man,
Which he feels is Life Eternal,
For he knows man ne'er began.
Forever with the Father,
He feels the joy and rest,
Unfoldeth, as the lily
On the water's peaceful breast.



SPIRITUAL SENSES.

5

There's a sense beyond the finite,
Which inhales God's atmosphere,
And smells the sweet aroma
Of Love's flowers ever near;
Which wanders in the garden,
Drinking in the perfumes rare,
And nothing knows of planting,
Of watering, or of care.

6

Thus seeing, hearing, taste, and smell,
And feeling, are divine;
And prayers, like censers' perfumes rise,
"O Father, we are thine."
Then, turning from the mortal,
And gazing on the goal,
We lose our finite sense of self,
And find our sense in Soul.

INSCRIPTION

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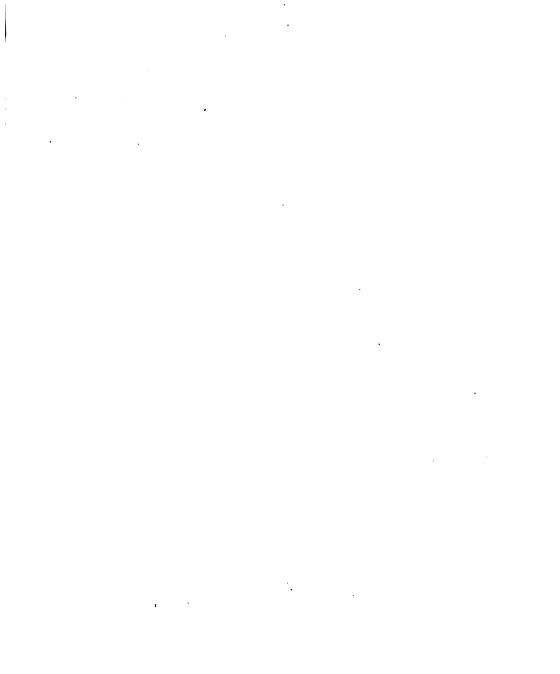
First Church of Christ, Scientist,

NEW YORK CITY.

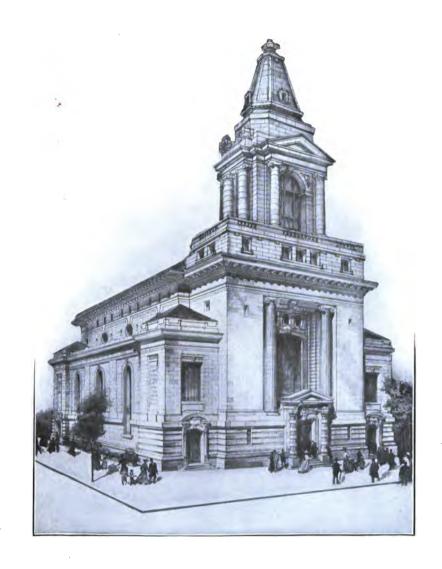
A TRIBUTE OF LOVE AND GRATITUDE TO OUR LEADER
AND TEACHER,

The lieberend Mary Baker Eddy

DISCOVERER AND FOUNDER OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE, AND AUTHOR OF ITS TEXT-BOOK "SCIENCE AND HEALTH WITH KEY TO THE SCRIPTURES."



• . ·



FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST, NEW YORK CITY.

Harvest Song.

Children of the King!

Let your harvest home-song

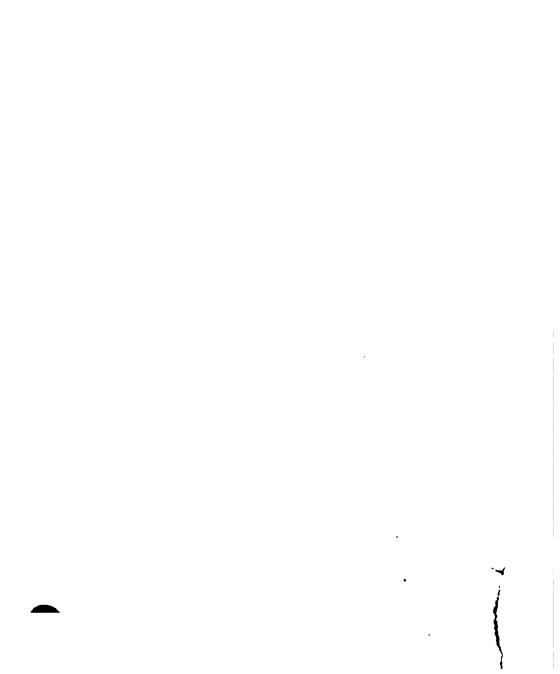
Strengthen upward wing!

Sing, till mount and valley
Echo gladsome strain!
Till earth's weary wanderers
Sound the grand refrain!

Written during the Erection of First Church of Christ, Scientist, New York City.

Sing a sweeter, stronger
Hymn, of Love's great power!
Ring out glad hosannas
In this triumph hour!

Tell in song the story,—
Christ has come, to bring
Life to sin-blind mortals,
Health to wounded wing!



HARVEST SONG.

Church of Christ uprising,
Silent voice of Love,
Steadfast, calm, majestic,
Type of Church above!

Sing ye true and faithful,

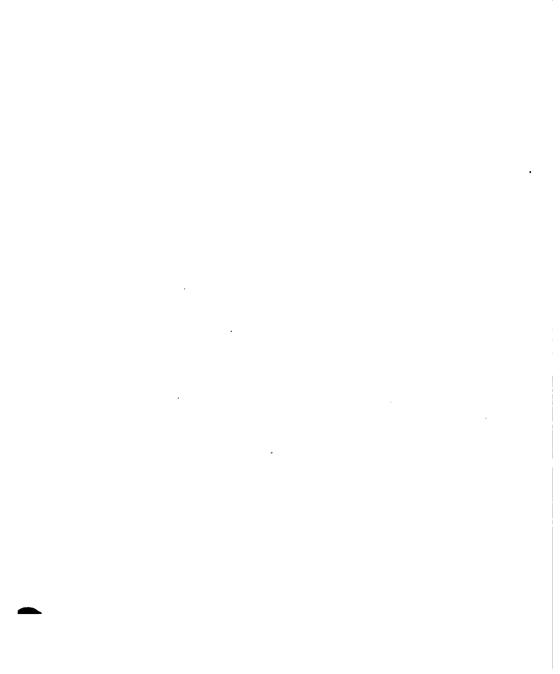
Valiant, brave, and strong!

Ring the chimes from tower,

Hymns of praise prolong!

Love's sweet harvest home-song Vintage bells resound; Christ comes to His temple, And His own are crowned.





VERSES

TAKEN FROM POEMS WRITTEN IN YOUTH

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-

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Netrospection.

ITTING and musing alone to-night,

While the moonbeams reflect their shimmering light,

And the waters below, in silver sheen,

Like the streets of our heavenly home, I ween;

While the twinkling stars, with their radiance bright,

Talk of Angel forms in the world of light,—

I dream, and the waters whispering low,

Tell of childhood, and friends of long ago.

I yield me to memory, and once more tread

Those childhood paths, which with joy I sped,

And I sit again on my father's knee,

And list to the tales he told to me.

I gaze on his face, so young and fair,

And can see no trace of age or care;

So I sit as a child, on my father's knee,

And list to his loving words to me.

Dear Mother appears,—what word so sweet;

Again as of yore, I kneel at her feet,

And learn from her lips the words of Truth,

As she taught me of God, through childhood and youth.

Written in Bombay, India, at the age of twentyone. , -, ١

RETROSPECTION.

I hear her speak in her gentle tone,
Of our dear Redeemer, who trod alone
The winepress, and suffered to set men free
From sin, and from death, in Gethsemane.
I am clasped to her heart, as in youth, she pressed
Her little child to her loving breast;
And I feel her heart with joy beat wild,
As she hopes, and prays, for her darling child,
Then I pass my hand through her rich brown hair,
But can see no thread of silver there.
And so to-night as a child, I rest
In a beautiful dream, on my mother's breast.—

* * * * * * * * * * *

The dream is o'er, I wake from the past,
Too bright, too beautiful far to last;
My heart is sad, and I hush a sigh,
As my thoughts to my distant parents fly.
Oh! deep in my soul lies a fervent prayer
Of thanks to God, for His tender care,
For my parents, spared to me so long,

• • . • .

RETROSPECTION.

Till I chose the right, and shunned the wrong. My father dear, as I think of thee, Time has furrowed thy cheek I see; Thy step is less firm, and thine eye has less light, But thy heart is as youthful, thy smile is as bright. And there as in childhood, again I would rest, On my noble, loving father's breast. Dear saintly mother has felt time's hand, He has touched her lightly with his wand, And as I look on her beautiful hair, Some threads of silver I notice there. But her heart has resisted the storms of time. And is loving, and brave, as in youthful prime. If efforts to render me worthy your care Are crowned with fruition, in answer to prayer, Then I will reward you,—and comfort always, And thus my Creator will honor and praise. Oh! love is abiding, enduring for ave, And gratitude wipes every tear drop away. Thus love and deep thankfulness,— offerings meet, I lay as a tribute, dear ones, at your feet.

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Psalm of Gratitude.

HE roaring winds and the wild dashing waves,

The tempest in all its force,

Appalls me not, for above it all,

I can hear my Father's voice.

Written in 1878 during a terrible storm in mid ocean.

I list to His words with a calm, sweet trust,
For He oft to my heart doth speak;
And I hear Him say, "I am ever near
To all who my mercy seek."

Enveloped in clouds, mid fury-lashed waves,
Which threaten my faith to o'erwhelm;
The voice of my Father brings courage and calm,
As His strong hand steadies the helm.

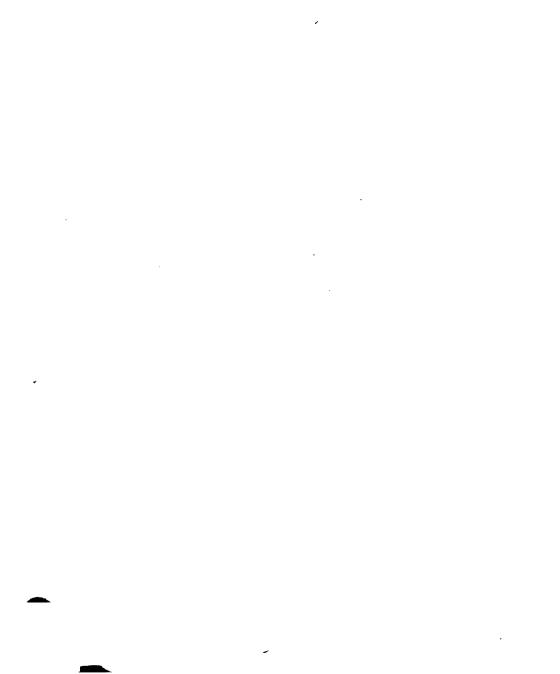


PSALM OF GRATITUDE.

In all the dangers and trials of life,
In sorrow, temptation and pain,
When feeling my weakness, I call upon Him,
I never implore in vain.

So I'll closely walk by my Father's side,
As I journey on life's highway;
And looking to Him for strength and aid,
I shall ne'er from His presence stray.





Home.

HERE is a spot of earth supremely blest,

A dearer, brighter place than all the rest,

Where loved ones dwell, and in communion sweet,

Spend blissful hours in home's calm retreat.

O home! How glad it lingers on the tongue!

Thy dear delights how often I have sung!

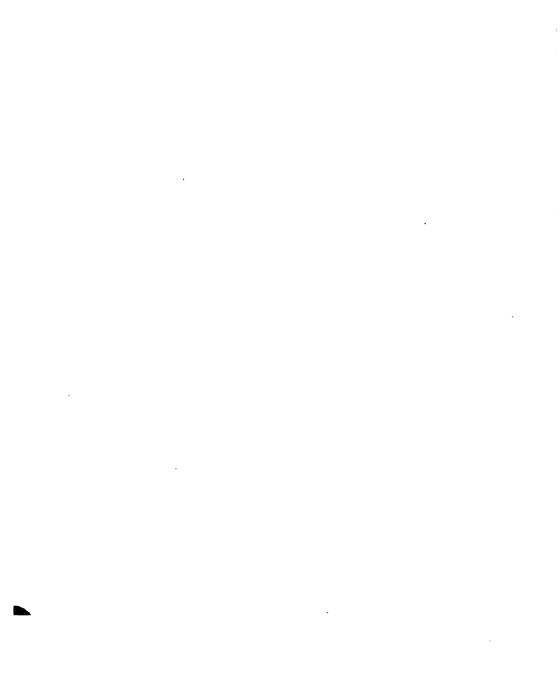
Thy hallowed joys, how often I recall,

And on the page of memory trace them all!

Written in England in 1878.

In wandering through this world of joy and woe,
As they in quick succession come and go,
May memory often to my dear ones turn,
As home's sweet joys within my bosom burn!

I see thy sacred walls, and press the hand
Of each loved member of that household band.
Oh! may I soon return to "Home sweet Home,"
Nor long in foreign lands a stranger roam.



HOME

As pants the thirsty hart for cooling streams,
Or weary wanderer, in the desert dreams
Of babbling brooklets, hastening to the sea,
So I, dear home and loved ones, sigh for thee.

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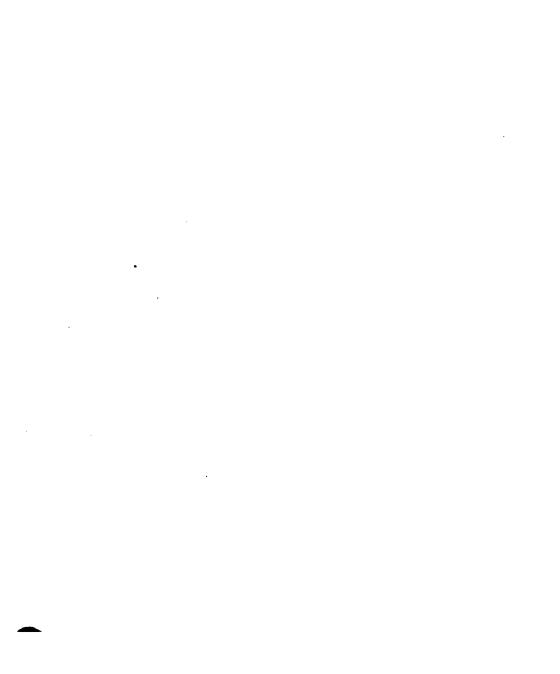
O wanderer, longing for thy heavenly home
Where'r in arid wastes thy footsteps roam;
One "Home Sweet Home," must ever be thy goal,
The Mother, Home and Heavenly rest of Soul.





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